

As Pegler Sees It:

Cuban Fiasco Born of Stupidity

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

I CAN'T EXPECT anyone else to rifle through the old files to find the articles in which I revealed the grotesque impudence and incompetence of the Central Intelligence Agency soon after Allen Dulles took over, because I lack the patience to do the task in my own vindication.



PEGLER

Nevertheless I did the job of exposing that band of twittering study-boys who went to Paris for the Versailles conference after the first war and never got over the idea that they were precocious international statesmen.

The war-soldiers of the AEF and a few correspondents who brushed sleeves with them called their kind "mail order lieutenants." William C. Bullitt was another and Adolf Augustus Berle was a third.

In 1917, at the age of 26, Bullitt, having family connections, was an "assistant" in the State Department, God knows why. When Saint Woodrow went to Paris, Bullitt somehow became an "attache" of our peace mission. But he soon found himself in Moscow with the Communist Lincoln Steffens on a mission of which Steffens reported, "We have seen the future and it works!"

Wickham Steed's Editorial

Wickham Steed, the editor of Northcliffe's London Times, learned that Bullitt and Steffens were working for recognition of Lenin and Trotsky, so he wrote a loud editorial which quered that deal.

Steed learned that Wilson's Rasputin, Col. E. M. House, had sent Bullitt and Steffens on this trip for this purpose.

Col. House had a son-in-law named Gordon Auchincloss, who was working with him in the Crillon in Paris, and I have been meaning to run him down and report whether he was any relation of the Auchinclosses who are Jacques Kennedy's step-kin. But that must wait.

Steed's editorial blew the conspiracy to "recognize" the Bolsheviks and communism really did not get its account until Franklin D. Roosevelt opened relations in 1933.

After Steed's editorial Bullitt spread a report that he had had a talk with Lloyd George and that LG told him recognition was impossible with Northcliffe's Times going on in this line.

Bullitt later married the widow of the granddaddy of all the Harvard traitors, John Reed, who lies in the Kremlin wall today. Her name was Louise Bryant and she was as Red as Mrs. Tom Lamont, who was the great tomato surprise of the whole Versailles hassle.

Old Tom, himself, the head of J. P. Morgan's bank, was a weakling pink, not from conviction but from association with this dominant shrew.

Berle was an "expert" at the age of 24 on the same American Versailles delegation.

Dulles' Record in CIA

Dulles, of the same school, "entered the U.S. diplomatic service" in 1916 at the age of 23 and likewise drew a soft touch on the Peace Commission at the Crillon. With intermissions, Dulles finally became director of the Central Intelligence Agency in 1953.

He succeeded Lt. Gen. Bedell Smith, who had been Eisenhower's Chief of Staff in the great crusade. Smith had succeeded Vice-Adm. Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, a rare, competent man, who had been kicked out for insisting on performing his duty against the Communists, especially in China.

When Eisenhower became President he assigned his friend, Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, the flier, to investigate the CIA and "report." Doolittle didn't know any more than a night watchman about this kind of stuff and his "report" was just what Ike wanted, a fine vindication.

Back in the Fifties, I wrote Dulles, asking him to tell me about this terrible mess. He wrote back, "The answer is 'No,'" signed by John Hanes, son of the banker, broker and racetrack financier in New York.

So I wrote back, "Okay, Junior, if you won't tell me, then I'll tell you."

And I certainly did, to such effect that in a few months Dulles planted a series in the Saturday Evening Post telling the world what a great outfit his CIA was.

But it got worse and worse and more and more expensive. Its awful failure in Cuba is only one more entry in a terrible record of stupidity.

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